

when she had read his letter; she feared the violence of his resentment, at her unjust suspicions, might tempt him to destroy himself, and willingly would she have laid down her life to have saved his.

Her father and mother were at that time on a visit. What hindered her seeing him once more, granting his pardon, and bidding him farewell forever? No time was to be lost; she mounted behind his servant, and arrived at the cottage where he lay, as quick as the horse's speed could carry her. Valmore, as I have already said, was senseless; but her loved voice soon lured his reason back, and the soft tears she shed upon his cheek dispelled the fever's rage; she gave him leave to plead his pardon, as soon as his health would permit, and gave him a key which would open an entrance to her father's garden, where he should come at midnight before he set out for the army, and receive her last adieu.

Need I say that Julia's presence, as if by magic, restored the health and happiness of Valmore? He availed himself of her permission to sue his pardon at her feet on the ensuing night, and many interviews ensued; at each of which Julia became less shocked at the idea which had at first so much alarmed her prudence. To be short, she at length consented to elope, and the lovers set out accordingly for Falaife.

Valmore truly loved his mistress; his behaviour to her, therefore, during their long journey was bounded by the most respectful tenderness, which, however, could not dissipate the sorrow she felt, from the consciousness of having acted wrong. The moment they arrived at Falaife, Valmore left Julia at the inn, and flew to his uncle's house. He was received with the most cordial caresses by the old gentleman, till the impatient youth declared the occasion of his visit, and implored his parental protection for one far dearer than himself. The scene was quickly changed; instead of caresses, he was loaded with reproaches, and bade to fly with his infamous companion for ever from his sight.

At his return to the inn, Julia read her fate in Valmore's looks; he was incapable of revealing the anguish of his mind by words; he threw himself at her feet, and bathed them with tears. 'I know it all (said she;) we are completely ruined; we have offended Heaven, and deserve our punishment. I became a sharer in your guilt, from the moment I calmly listened to the fatal proposal that has undone us both. But I will not reproach you!'

The unhappy fugitives passed the night in tears, without being able to form any plan for their future conduct or subsistence; towards morning they retired to their separate chambers, and Valmore's exhausted spirits were refreshed by a profound slumber. It was late before he awoke, and the first object that struck his sight was a letter that had been thrust under the door of his chamber; he took it hastily up, and read as follows:

'Returns thanks to Heaven, my dear Valmore, for the happy resolution with which it has inspired me. Those illusions of felicity with which we flattered ourselves are vanished, and in their room the most horrid realities remain for both, if we continue together. My flight will prevent your misery, and may in time secure my repose; at least, I will bury my faults and my shame together in a cloyster. Adieu!

'Strive to forget the unhappy

'JULIA!'

I will not pretend to describe Valmore's situation when he had read this fatal billet; suffice it to say, that it was very little short of distraction. He flew to all the adjacent convents, and made fruitless inquiries for Julia; no one could give him tidings of her. He questioned every human creature he met on the highways, if they had seen his love; and for many months continued his vain pursuit, without ever sleeping under a roof; his countenance became ferocious, and his figure squalid, so as to inspire every one who saw him with horror.

After enduring a variety of misery, and being totally devoid of the means of subsistence, he enlisted as a common soldier, in a regiment which was then going to serve in Germany. During the campaign; he sought death, even; in the cannon's mouth, in vain; all that he wished eluded his pursuit, and he dragged on a wretched existence in despite of himself. In this deplorable state he continued almost five years, till, at the conclusion of the war, the army marched into winter quarters at Frankfort.

Valmore's despair alone could withstand the joy that then universally reigned in that great city; he shunned the haunts of men, and lived in the wild woods alone. He happened, in one of his sequestered walks, to see his colonel drive by with a lady in a chariot, and he paid with fullness the usual compliment of a salute to his commander. On the instant his eyes seemed fascinated: the form of Julia appeared to his bewildered imagination, a thick darkness overthadowed his sight and he sank senseless to the earth.